John Bull, June 12th, 1915.

MOST IMPORTANT. *See page 2 of Cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No. 471 | SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

201361

For meaning of this number see page 24.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Many of our readers are filling up coupons not only for themselves, but for their wives and families. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have endeavoured to make our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and for this reason we shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named; we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within seven days of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

June 12, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

June 12, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme cut out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. June 12th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 471. Week ending Saturday, June 12th, 1915. One Penny.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for June 5th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 78,964 and 636,780.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Coalition.

As stated elsewhere, it is not our intention to embarrass the new Government in any way. Let us all give it a chance. *But it won't work.* So be ready for big political developments before the year is out.

News from Africa.

From the *Eastern Record:* "Men such as Horatio Bottomley are being used by the Government to bully the workers into absolute servility." We did not know that we were the new Minister of Munitions.

Exit the *Daily Citizen*.

So it has gone at last—and just when, if ever, the workers wanted an organ of their own! Oh, for a Business Labour Leader!

An Unfounded Rumour.

There is no truth in the rumour that racing for oranges and nuts at Sunday School treats is to be stopped.

Where is He?

We mean Lieut. von Tirpitz—son of the Old Sea Pirate—who was rescued from drowning by our gallant seamen, even at the risk of their own lives. Is it the fact that this man has been allowed out "on parole," and has been having an excellent time of it—visiting and being entertained by his friends—whilst our own brave and honourable officers who are prisoners of war in Germany are enduring the tortures of hell?

Rot!

Under the heading of "Front Bench Dry Rot," our esteemed contemporary, *Truth*, says that "'the machinations of the Bathurst, Dalziel, Bottomley and Harmsworth press were less responsible for the Government's downfall than a kind of dry rot to which the Treasury Bench in its old age is as much subject as the roof of Westminster Hall.' Considering that most of the members of the late Government were comparatively late-comers to the Treasury Bench, this is very dry rot indeed.

A Significant Phrase.

Did you happen to notice this phrase in the recent speech of Mr. Lloyd George, at Manchester? "We have been employing too much of the haphazard, leisurely, go-as-you-please methods which, believe me, would not have enabled us to maintain our place as a nation, *even in peace*, much longer." Why not, as in the case of war munitions, "tell the truth," and say it was all due to the damnable old system of Party Government?

And Another.

But that sentence was nothing compared with this: "We are all looking forward to the day when we shall hear the full roar of the Party politician again. *It will be a proof that peace has returned.*" In other words, whilst the State is in danger, the Party politician must be muzzled. Doesn't Mr. Lloyd George see what his admission means?

That Voice in the Wilderness.

From our issue of December 9th, 1911:—

> We do not believe in studying the convenience of Germany. Let us remember that Germany does not want to fight us for another five or six years—not until the widening of the Canal is completed, and the German Navy is a good deal nearer ours in strength than it is to-day. . . . We must strike whilst we are still in a favourable position.

Reads strangely in these times, doesn't it?

Do it *Now!*

Is it the fact that the Government recently prohibited a meeting at the Mansion House of the mayors of provincial boroughs, for the purpose of deciding upon united and common action with a view to securing public safety in the event of a Zeppelin raid, on the ground that such a meeting might "cause panic"? It is time the Coalition got to work, and insisted upon a complete set of regulations being distributed to householders throughout the country.

Pity the Blind.

On Thursday, the 24th, to celebrate the 500th performance of "Potash and Perlmutter," there will be a special matinée, the entire proceeds of which are to be handed over to Mr. Pearson's fund for the benefit of soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. Hurry up and book your seats.

Are *You* Insured?

Full particulars of our great Free Insurance Scheme will now be found, with the necessary coupons, on page ii of cover—an arrangement which will make even more simple the few rules governing our widespread guarantee against loss arising from the war. Elsewhere we publish an interesting article recalling our forecasts of the development of the Zeppelin attacks—which events have so signally justified.

Now on Page 2 of cover—particulars of our Great Free War Insurance.

Not a Deserter.

No wonder the Mayor of Derry felt annoyed. Before him in the dock was a private in the Inniskillings, charged with being a deserter from his regiment. The gallant fellow had fought in France for eight months, and got leave to visit his mother, dying in Belfast. His leave expired on April 29th, but death detained him. He informed his Commanding Officer of the circumstances, and on May 1st was going back to his duty like a soldier and a man, but was arrested on his way to the boat. Colonel Hill Trevor gave him ten days' imprisonment in Belfast Gaol, and on May 10th he was removed to Derry and kept in a detention room until put into the dock before the Mayor. It is a curious case, with crinkly corners to it—for, as the Mayor pointed out, the man had purged his offence, which at the outset was a slight and most forgivable one; yet, having served his time in Belfast, here he was forwarded to Derry for a further dose. He was no deserter at all, but a fine fighter anxious to get back to it. The Mayor refused to deal with the case, and said the man should never have been put in the dock. It was simply that some accursed "regulations" gripped him, some red tape that strangles the spirit of willing men.

£300 Wanted.

We should like to know the precise purport on this earth of the Mr. H. Leese, who is c.o. Mr. Harry Rogers, Electrical Contractor, Friars Gate, Warrington. The reason is that Mr. Leese publishes an advertisement in the *Warrington Guardian* thus: "Revenge and Victory. Are you a woman or too old to fight? If either and you want to help your country now, assist advertiser to complete a machine which can do more harm to the Germhuns than can 5,000 soldiers. £300 wanted. Don't wait. Send at once what you can; anything from £5. All will be repaid with interest at bank-rate and revenge very soon. Time is precious." We are bound to say that Mr. Leese's idea of unofficially building his machine by means of cash obtained in this way does not commend itself to us.

Folkestone's Cadging Boxes.

Lieut.-Colonel Vivian, commanding the 5th Battalion Royal Fusiliers, complains of the annoyance to which soldiers standing round the bandstand on Folkestone Lees are invariably subjected by the touts of the town's Amusement Association, who persistently shake their collection boxes in the men's faces. As the Colonel says, "soldiers are invariably generous, but cannot necessarily afford to subscribe to the Folkestone Band Fund, nor do they like to refuse when the box is shaken in their faces in front of seated visitors who, paying 2d. or 3d., do not appear to be worried by the collectors at all. Folkestone must be in a pretty bad way if it is necessary to dun for coppers soldiers listening to a military band." We agree.

More Pumpuritan Piffle.

The pumpuritan has always possessed a remarkable capacity for exaggerating the medicinal value of the pump. The President of the Monmouthshire Baptist Association is no exception to the rule. "This titanic struggle has brought out in bold relief," he told his audience at Abertillery, "the great truth that the only ones who could be relied on for efficiency in fighting for defensive or industrial purposes, are total abstainers." If the gentleman had said instead that it had brought out the great lie, he would have been a lot nearer the facts. We refer him to Mr. Wilkie, the Labour M.P., who recently told the Federation of Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades that teetotalers are the worst slackers.

Dundonald's Device.

Since the outbreak of the war half-a-million people, more or less, enclosing articles from British, American Canadian, Australian, and South African papers, have asked us to explain what was the "War Plan" which at the time of the Crimea Lord Dundonald claimed would within four hours annihilate Cronstadt or Sevastopol. Once and for all let it be said that it is a secret of the archives. All we know about it—all anybody knows who has not official access to the documents—is that Lord Dundonald submitted the plan to Army and Navy Committees in 1811 as well as in 1846, and that it was condemned as too inhuman, though irresistible and infallible. Science has discovered and improved a great many things since 1846, and if Lord Dundonald's destroyer was a chemical weapon it is probable that to-day more annihilative agents can be put at the service of British troops whenever the War Office calls for them. No doubt, the British Government have means of withering up the Germhuns in their trenches as a blight withers up the summer trees. To have and to use, however, are not the same thing. We British are a people of delicate sentiment.

A Sanctimonious Shirker.

Messrs. Pelters, Limited, of the Nautilus Works, Yeovil, have done the right thing, for they have adopted a resolution offering forthwith to the Government the entire manufacturing capacity of the Company for the purpose of making munitions of war. Mr. W. R. Moore, the Chairman and Director, has done the wrong thing, for he has resigned those positions because his "deep religious conviction" will not allow him willingly to take part in the manufacture of munitions of war. A man with such a deep religious conviction that he refuses his help to his country and his fellow-men, should shut himself up in a hermitage until Germhuns pull him out of it and set him going in one of their infernal employments. But consolation lies in the hope that the firm of Pelters will be very much better off without the assistance of such a person. We rather suspect religious convictions as deep as his; yet we would willingly see them deeper still, say, at the bottom of the deep blue sea.

A Question for Mr. Lloyd George.

Without a doubt, in the trouble over the munition supply almost nothing has been due to drink, some little to slacking, but most of all to mess and muddle in official organisation. Now that we have a Munitions Minister there ought to be, and there must be, a radical reconstruction of the means of manufacture and output. In order that every sort of engineering shop, small or large, should have the opportunity of participating, why should not the Government prepare definite specifications of material and design in respect of shells, fuses, and other munitions, and distribute them through every workshop in the country? It is certainly the business of the Minister of Munitions to give a chance of helping to every employer who can help; and many hundreds can and will help if they have official guarantee beforehand that when they have served the Government's turn they will not be left in the cart.

Germhun Attack on Bath.

Life is full of music if you know where to find it. It is reported from Bath that a few days ago a Germhun band assembled in the street and started to play "Your King and Country Want You," afterwards gathering pennies from a sympathetic multitude for services rendered. If there are any more Germhun bands out of employment in this country, they now know where to go. They may go to Bath.

Particulars of our Free War Insurance—now on page 2 of cover.

Aliens First, Please!

The kind-hearted Local Government Board has notified Poor Law Guardians that, in view of the increased cost of living, the Treasury have authorised a temporary increase in the amounts allowed to British-born wives and children of interned aliens who need assistance. The weekly scale fixed is: In London, wife 11s. 6d. and child 1s. 9d. Outside London, wife 9s. 3d. and child 1s. 9d. Thus the unwanted people are placed on equal terms with the wives and children of our men who are offering up their lives at the front, and facing the devilries of the relations of the people whom our Local Government Board are molly-coddling. It is to be remembered that the British woman in Germany gets no help from the State—she has to take pot luck and live as she can. The aliens' dependents here get their money on the nail, whereas the British soldier's "missus" has usually to wait. When war broke out, allowances were made to the Army, from which troops serving in India were debarred until February. Masses of men have been withdrawn from our great colonial Empire, with their wives and families, and they are now struggling at the front. But the wives and children living in the Metropolis are refused by the War Office the "London allowance" granted to Kitchener's Army, the Territorials, and others, probably because the original rule ordained that recipients of it must have been living in the London postal district at the time of mobilisation. Is the "regimental woman" who was in the Red East with her husband when the tocsin sounded of less account than the wife of the new recruit who never was out of Bloomsbury or Bermondsey?

A Problem of Poverty.

Scene: Holywood Petty Sessions, Belfast; a man and wife charged with neglecting their five young children. Result: the woman sentenced to a month's imprisonment; the case against the man adjourned for a month, with the warning that if there was no improvement he would be punished. Such are the bare bones of a police court "case"; here are some additional features. The man is a carter, earning the munificent wage of one pound weekly, out of which he handed his wife nineteen shillings for the house, retaining one shilling weekly for his own personal expenses, necessities, luxuries, and extravagances. With food at the present prices, and a man working hard and doing his level best, if his wife neglects the home during his absence, what feeling can we express for him but one of the deepest commiseration and sympathy? We wish his employers could pay him a bigger wage, but alas! human flesh and blood are cheap in the market. And now we are wondering what chance the poor fellow has to better the conditions of his home while he is out at his toil and his wife is in gaol.

Germhun Once, Germhun Always.

Britishers who are so eager in throwing their protecting arms round naturalised Germhuns in this country should consider the Germhun law of July 22nd, 1913. "Whoever before acquiring a foreign nationality," says Article 25, "shall on application to the competent authorities of his native State have obtained the written permission to retain his German nationality does not lose it." We wonder how many of those Germhuns in this country who flaunt their Naturalisation Certificates in our faces to-day with the object of saving themselves from internment, have this reservation to their credit in the official archives of Germhuny. We wonder how many of them, at the first sounding tramp of the Germhun jackboot on our shores would throw off their mask of loyalty to the King and "true allegiance bear" to their real master, the Kaiser!

The Word that Kills.

The kind word is so easy to speak that there can seldom be any excuse for using the harsh one, even by accident. But the harsh word, the cruel word, was spoken to a gunner, of Cradley, when they called him a malingerer in the barracks at Leamington. The stigma went home, biting deep—and next day the gunner's body was found headless on the railway line. The poor fellow had been invalided home on sick leave after a painful operation. He was still weak and suffering and worried; an event occurred, when his wife gave birth to twins, which in other circumstances would have brought joy to a happy home; and in the midst of the illness and the trouble he was ordered to report himself in barracks. "I reported myself as sick," he says in a last pathetic letter "To my dear wife and children." "They said I was malingering, and there was nothing the matter with me. You know what I have suffered since the operation. You see, they would not believe the doctor's reports that he sent in." So the gunner could see no other way out of it than the railway line, and the sudden, rushing death that would come in the dark. The jury said it was suicide "during temporary insanity." They did not say whose was the insanity—the brave man who could not bear a shameful brand, or those persons who, by saying the brutal thing, did him to his death.

Mouth Organs at the Front.

Recently one of the newspapers appealed for subscriptions towards a fund to be expended on mouth organs for Tommy in the trenches. In due course a supply reached the front. Music hath charms to soothe the savage chest, it is written. But in this instance when the Tommies examined the instruments they found them stamped, "Made in Germany." "God knows we hate even the sound of that infamous name," writes the soldier who informs us, "let alone handling things made by their hands. The good intentions of the senders are appreciated, but if they cannot procure mouth organs made by the British or their allies or by neutrals, we would rather do without them and get our music out of meat tins and hair-combs." Such nobly patriotic self-sacrifice cannot be too highly commended.

Good-Byes "Verboten."

It must be confessed that there is precious little good-bye kissing in this war. Many of the troops complain that they are being sent to the front without being allowed leave to see their family and friends before they go. "I know several men," says a soldier writing to us, "who have been sent out without having an hour's leave since they enlisted." These must be very rare and very hard cases, for as a rule the recruit has frequent and abundant leave as long as he does not abuse it. The difficulty of allowing leave for formal "good-byes" when the decision is made to send men to the front is obvious, but we think they might have a public send-off by being played to the railway station through the public streets. Apart from all else, this would do a great deal to assist recruiting.

Brains *v.* Brightness.

A soldier at the front tells us that in idle times—which must be very few—the commanders of various units insist on their men burnishing their harness and equipment. No doubt this exercise is designed to keep the Tommies fit and to uphold the old tradition of spittle and polish; but our aviators have stated over and over again that such "smartness" has rendered easy the discovery of convoys. In South Africa our forces covered their scabbards and bright parts with khaki paint. It did not make their ironmongery look lovely, but it did not give them away to the enemy.

A reminder for to-day—take home a copy of this week's "Everywoman's Weekly."

Barnsley, Profligate.

Barnsley is going to chuck money away like water, and, like any other profligate, is in a mighty hurry to do it. Before the war the Council decided to build a new Town Hall, and though Barnsley has got along with an old Town Hall for years and could get along with it for a few more years to come without feeling any the worse in health, the Council have determined, in spite of the war, to proceed with the building. The cost is to be £30,000, the idea of the Council being that if the work is now proceeded with the officials will have an attractive edifice wherein to gather the rates by the time the war is over—an edifice to which the Barnsley ratepayer can look up with pride and joy. On his part, the Barnsley ratepayer says that to pledge the public credit to such a sum of money for such a purpose at such a time as this, is wilful waste which will probably drive him to woeful want—especially as within the last few weeks the Council have decided to spend £13,000, there or thereabouts, in extensions to the electricity works. This is a time for municipalities not to squander money, but to save it. Besides, one never knows what may happen to a new Town Hall in these days.

Lady Barlow and the Kaiser.

Referring to our Candid Epistle to Lady Barlow, the mother of a soldier-son who is a prisoner in Germhuny writes thus from Weymouth: "Either Sir John Barlow is not going to put up for Parliament again or Lady Barlow is very thick-skinned if she thinks the women of the Frome Division are going to forget her out-spoken admiration for the Berlin Butcher. Or is Lady Barlow doubtful of the result of the war and holding with the hare and running with the hounds? Anyway, if she had undergone the agony I have for the last nine months, with four sons in the fighting line, she would not speak in such affectionate terms of the cause of her misery." Perhaps the real explanation of Lady Barlow's pro-Germhunity is that her ladyship hopes to invite the dear Kaiser to her place at Colwyn Bay.

A British Woman's Spirit.

"We working women," writes one of them to us, "have given our all for the country, and we don't want any more Germhuns here, and we don't want to have to pay rates to keep them in this country. We demand that Germhuny send ships over here and cart them all out of this country. We have had quite enough of them, and we don't want our King to let any more Vons of any description go over any works belonging to our nation. We have got to distrust them altogether. We don't want to murder them, but we want to be shut of them root and branch, and we don't want our people punished for letting their feelings run away with them a bit; although we love law and order, people can't put up with everything." Bravo to you, madam!

"The Mite-less Widow."

Our article under this heading, referring to an old lady of 73 sent to prison on application by the Wood Green District Council, because her landlord had not paid the rates, has moved some of the councillors concerned to question their officials on the matter. Evidently they do not relish being saddled with a share of the responsibility for such heartless proceedings. The official reply is that nobody knew the age of the poor old lady, or no one would have thought of going to such an extreme. So the councillors erred out of ignorance; but ignorance is a poor excuse. Their Rate-Collector should have known, and should have told his employers, and should have told the Magistrate. The order for putting the poor old dame into prison ought never to have been made, even by accident.

Wanted, a Wite Wiffe!

"Mister. ojo. umbler. esq., onitsha vilage, nere lagos" addresses us in this way: "John Bull, Sar, i now take the libarty of a riting you. and wood ask you if you will be so good as to buy me a wite wiffe please get one as chepe as you can she must be english and look nise. you can ship her from liverpol plese send the carrige forward. i will pay 3 class fair when she come. i am big man for my country got big yamm farm chikins goats and a bulick. i have got 3 native wiffes i am only native hear wot is edgekated and am skulmaster, pretcher and lawyer. plese send me a note tellen me how much she cost and i will repey costs at once if i like she much i will send you a monkie and parot." While we are exceedingly obliged to Mister. ojo. umbler. esq. for his confidens in our selekshon and his appreeshayshon of our cashbox, we canot undertayk to send him a wite wiffe on trust. Cash down is the motto of oar wite wiffe department and oar terms of dispatch: returnd empteys not allowd for; wee canot balans oar books with monkies and parots wich wornt pas the auditer, not if we cud do nuff wite wiffe trade in lagos to fill a managery. also when ojo. umbler. esq. starts pulin legs hed better ferst mayk sure hes got hold of the rite leg.

That "Snowball" Scheme.

In a recent issue we referred to Mrs. Brighten's "snowball" fund, for the relief of our Serbian allies, pointing out that, though we had no doubt the scheme was well meant, it was an undesirable one for several reasons, and that a previous effort, of a somewhat similar nature, by another lady, had been abandoned after official discouragement. We are pleased to be able to state that Mrs. Brighten had, before the appearance of our paragraph, decided to discontinue her appeal, and has, as a matter of fact, handed over to the trustees for the "First Hospital in Serbia Fund" the £20 she collected by means of it. The favourable opinion we expressed as to the *bona-fides* of Mrs. Brighten was, we are glad to say, a correct one, she having last year raised over £300 for the Women's League of Mercy, and taken a leading part in organising the matinée at the Alhambra which resulted in the addition of £1,300 to the funds of the British Red Cross. More power to her elbow!

Foolish Publicity.

Since the sinking of the *Lusitania* the American newspapers—particularly the New York press—have been publishing elaborate accounts, with illustrations, of the sailings of British ships from American ports, which is simply inviting Germhun submarines to lie low and help themselves. One account in the New York *Evening Journal* is flagrant to a degree. Starting with the headlines—"Liner *Cymric* Sails with Not One American Aboard, but with Her Hold a Real Arsenal," it analyses the passengers and crew, details the number of shells, cases of cartridges, firearms, and so forth, and even states that "Captain Headnell said that he planned to take the *Cymric* through the submarine danger zone at night." If the New York *Evening Journal* is friendly to this country, it might at least display a less embarrassing affection.

One Shilling Postage.

A poor widow has two sons—one has been wounded, and lies in a hospital at home; the other, in hospital Somewhere in France, recently wrote asking his mother if she could send him a few sweets. The poor woman bought 4d. worth of sweets and 2d. worth of writing paper, made a parcel of them, and "was absolutely dumbfounded" to find on going to the Post Office that it would cost a shilling to send it. "Don't you think this is a great shame?" she asks. We do.

Our Great Free War Insurance will be found on page 2 of cover.